STAR WARS
REBELLION

"STARKILLER"

Story

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Teleplay

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE

PAN DOWN from the jeweled void of space to the Blockade Runner *Tantive IV*, sitting in orbit above Dantooine, home of the hidden Rebel Base. The pristine planet is mostly covered by water, its surface broken up by large, lavender grassland-covered continents.

EXT. DANTOOINE – SAVANNAS – DAY

Endigo and Ube Tonnit, a Bith, race each other in swoop bikes over the long violet grasses. The "racetrack" is marked out clearly by floating sensor droids. One of the droids is Efdee.

A primitive tribe of Dantarian Bantha Herders is nearby. The humanoid aboriginals of Dantooine watch the swoop bikes zip around in long loops through the sensor droids. Endigo, far in the lead, waves at the Dantarians casually. One of the hulking nomads raises a hand in response, swatting the backside of his Bantha with a stick in his other hand.

Before Endigo reaches the finish line, two sensor droids with a harmless bolt of energy floating between them, he slows his swoop to a halt. He holds his hand up to his ear transceiver. The engines of his swoop RUMBLE LOUDLY, so he turns them off. He nods to something said over his transmitter. Tonnit ROARS by, winning the race.

The Bith swings his swoop around and comes back towards Endigo. The racetrack breaks apart, the sensor droids floating back over a grassy ridge. Efdee follows Tonnit.

ENDIGO
(to Tonnit)
Hulda says we're good to leave Dantooine and rejoin the *Atonement*. Bacta's all unloaded.

The Bith holds out his hand, doing a little "pay up" gesture.

ENDIGO (CONT'D)
You're kidding, right?

The Bith shakes his head slowly. Endigo SIGHS and reaches into his belt pack, throwing Ube Tonnit a few credits before GUNNING his swoop bike back to base.

EXT. DANTOOINE – REBEL BASE – DAY

The Rebel Base is set in a tranquil pasture of Dantooine, a collection of portable self-erecting module buildings and a Command Center that, while several levels high, looks like it could be disassembled in a manner of hours.

A wide section of grassland has been cleared away, a poor excuse for a starfighter landing area, but larger modular sections have been used to create single craft spaceports for capital-class starships: Blockade Runners, Tramp Freighters, Personnel Transports, Corellian Gunships. Endigo and Tonnit's swoop bikes are resting on their repulsor engines outside the Command Center. A giant Dantarian approaches tentatively and pushes down on the seat of one the swoops, enjoying how it slightly bobs on its repulsor field cushion.

CULL, a longhaired Bothan, and Skatuhl oversee the loading of a Corellian Gunship. It is easy to distinguish which loaders are Rebel Troopers and which are the *Long Haul* motleys. Skatuhl HISSES when Efdee WARBLES up beside her. The Barabel's tail twitches slightly. Efdee WHISTLES and Skatuhl nods. She grabs a datapad off a crate and types something in.

CULL
Coordinates? Where are they?

SKATUHL
Somewhere Mimban.

CULL
Where’s Mimban?

SKATUHL
(shrugging)
Slekkit.

A series of BLASTER BOLTS are heard from a faraway field. All the loaders look over immediately, but then get back to work. Cull shakes his head, his fur rippling. In the distance, Hulda Caulp is shooting at Endigo, who has his lightsaber out.

EXT. DANTOOINE – SAVANNAS – DAY

Hulda reluctantly takes another shot at Endigo, some thirty meters away. Endigo is wearing several armored vests stacked on top each other, bound with a snap cord. He also has a massive blastshield helmet on, with a slit in its visor. He looks like an idiot.

Hulda purposely fires wide and Endigo doesn’t bother to try and deflect it. He points at Hulda.

ENDIGO
Cut it out. Do it right.

HULDA CAULP
(sighing)
I’m not going to shoot you, Shen.

ENDIGO
I’ll be fine. Quit going wide.

HULDA CAULP
This is stupid.

He fires a little closer. Endigo has to run and lift his saber swiftly. He misses the blaster bolt.

ENDIGO
HULDA!
(pointing again)
I'll fire you, you do that one more--

Endigo is BLASTED in the chest, SPARKS FLY, and hits the ground hard. Hulda lowers the blaster and rolls his eyes. After a few seconds, Endigo staggers back up, LAUGHING, and raises his lightsaber again.

INT. COMMAND CENTER – BRIEFING HALL – DAY

Rebels move to and fro in the Command Center's briefing room, gathering reports, checking sensor systems, and delivering messages. General Madine stands on a podium over a large circular holoprojector and watches a rotating display of a new MandalMotors starfighter. He nods as an engineer points out various features of the assault craft.

MADINE
Too expensive, I think.

DEWEY SELKO, a young human, formerly an Imperial pilot and still wearing his black flight suit, runs into the room.

SELKO
(out of breath)
General! They started 'Starkiller' early!

General Madine quickly hits a button on his podium. The MandalMotors starfighter evaporates.

MADINE
(into a microphone)
Mede.

EXT. SPACE – UNKNOWN SECTOR

The Star Destroyer *Atonement* moves at all speed through an empty sector of space. She is running from a distant *Carrack*-class Heavy Cruiser and several TIE fighters. The ISD *Atonement* launches into hyperspace.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE – HYPERSPACE

Destri looks into the BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace and bites her lower lip in relief. She looks over at Admiral Mede and the Technician at the tactical grid.

MEDE
Hard to hear you, General. Hyperspace Commo is still damaged.

MADINE
(distorted)
Mimban was hot, I take it.

MEDE
Well, we had to make it that way. Officer Bre was in danger of being discovered, so we made our presence known rather loudly.

DESTRI
She still got into her hyperlane without being seen, General.

MADINE
(distorted)
That’s good. I don’t want to lose more people at Had Abaddon.

DESTRI
So that’s the official name, is it?

INT. COMMAND CENTER – BRIEFING HALL – DAY

General Madine nods even though the crew of the *Atonement* can’t see him. He motions to Selko to leave. The pilot salutes and runs out of the Command Center.

MADINE
That was her name before the Empire decided to erase the system off the star charts. <u>Officially</u>, Captain Destri, Had Abaddon doesn’t exist. We don’t have many details on the planet other than its former designation.

MEDE
(distorted)
Who did we pay to find that out?

MADINE
Xenosurvey and Measurements, Limited. Its executives keep backup files on their astrogation databanks. Evidently, they trust Imperial expedition star chart updates as much as we do.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE – HYPERSPACE

Mede points to a section of the tactical grid and then moves over to Destri. The Technician raises a light pen to that section and outlines a hyperlane trajectory. A Bridge Officer comes over to the Admiral with a datapad. Mede reads it and hands it back. The Bridge Officer exits.

MEDE
Any insurance that XML will keep quiet about our inquiry?

MADINE
(distorted)
Senator Antilles made sure that the backup review looked like an ISB investigation. We're clear. XML's how we found Dantooine to be a prudent choice for the Rebel Base. And it's the same way we recently located our potential evacuation safeworld.

MEDE
What system would that be?

MADINE
(distorted)
That's classified, Admiral.

Mede looks up, a little mad. Destri pats him on the shoulder.

DESTRI
Make sure Endigo has our new rendezvous point, General.

She looks to the Technician, who nods.

DESTRI (CONT'D)
Commo may be scratched up, but we can still beam you those coordinates.

MADINE
(distorted)
Do that soon, Captain. Endigo's already off to the little party you've left for him at Mimban. Madine out.

DESTRI
(to Mede)
What's wrong, Admiral? Not used to classified information at your rank?

MEDE
Thirty-nine years in the service, Destri. Next month marks forty.

Destri smiles. The Technician looks over.

TECHNICIAN
You were right, sir. Clean sector according to our scanners.

The Star Destroyer falls back into realspace.

DESTRI
Contact High Command immediately with our current location. Then run a skip-trace on Bre. Don't let anyone know we're watching her.

TECHNICIAN
Aye-aye, Captain.

EXT. SPACE – NEAR HAD ABBADON

Had Abaddon is a volcanic planet, all black and fire. One moon hangs in orbit around it, lush green in contrast. A minefield surrounds Had Abaddon, TWINKLING here and there in the light of an unseen sun.

An ebony Corellian YT-2100 freighter falls out of hyperspace, heading straight for a mine. It starts to bank but it’s moving too fast.

INT. YT-2100 – COCKPIT – ON BRE

gritting her teeth and pulling on the steering column. The mine outside disappears from her viewport but EXPLODES OFF-SCREEN, causing her freighter to SHUDDER. WARNING SENSORS SOUND and ALERT SIGNALS FLASH. Bre dips the YT-2100 beneath another mine. Her freighter is SHAKING from the impact. Bre brings up a damage readout, looks at it, and then pounds the screen.

BRE
Way too close.

She looks back into the cargo hold. Countless droids are locked in place, their free limbs quivering as the freighter pitches and rolls. A maintenance droid’s head falls off and hits the leg of Two-Tau. Two-Tau kicks it back across the hold.

TWO-TAU
Chootah!

Another alert sensor starts to RING throughout the ship.

BRE
Aww...
(to Two-Tau)
...it’s a *Lancer*.

A medical droid looks over to Two-Tau and CHIRPS.

Two-Tau
Komayhee imspu choot!

EXT. SPACE – NEAR HAD ABBADON

ON A *LANCER*-CLASS FRIGATE, firing on Bre’s freighter, which has veered away from the minefield. The YT-2100’s shields FLARE with each direct hit.

PULL BACK to see a wing of TIE fighters fall out of the *Lancer*'s hangars, aiming for the freighter.

INT. *LANCER* – BRIDGE

COLONEL GREBER, the chiseled and statuesque ranking officer of the *Lancer*, watches the chase. A FRIGATE OFFICER enters.

COLONEL GREBER
Hurry this up.

FRIGATE OFFICER
That freighter carries Union markings, sir.

COLONEL GREBER
We have our orders.

FRIGATE OFFICER
Yes, Colonel, but I've scanned the vessel. It was stolen from Corellian Engineering's drive yards near New Cov.

COLONEL GREBER
Fine. A smuggler. The same orders apply, you do realize.

FRIGATE OFFICER
Colonel Greber, I mean our scanners indicate that we could make use of the freighter's cargo. Maintenance droids mostly. And droids can have short memories.

Beat.

COLONEL GREBER
(to his Bridge Officers)
Cease fire. Move to intercept.

INT. YT-2100 – COCKPIT – ON BRE

leaning on the cockpit controls, her face buried in her arms, shaking her head and MUMBLING.

Outside the viewport, the *Lancer* looms above the freighter.

EXT. SPACE – UNKNOWN SECTOR

The ISD *Atonement* drifts silently through space, a diamond silhouette against a nearby sun.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede, Destri, and the Technician are watching the tactical grid. They see the *Lancer*-class frigate moving towards Bre's crippled freighter.

The Technician is nervous and sweating, drumming his fingers on the tactical grid's screen.

MEDE
That was close.

DESTRI
They've just captured her starship. They'll board in ten if they follow the standard procedures. Then we lose visual.

MEDE
Good work, Officer Bre.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE HAD ABBADON

The automated minefield has reassembled itself, showing no indication that Bre's freighter had ever run into it.

Neither the ebony YT-2100 nor the *Lancer*-class cruiser is in view above the red-veined world of volcanic Had Abaddon.

EXT. STARKILLER FACILITY – SPACEPORT – NIGHT

The Starkiller spaceport is heavily secured. A shimmering fence is energized by large power generators, its perimeter broken up by turret stations and watch towers. SPOTLIGHTS trace the spaceport's metallic floor, illuminating several *Gamma*-class Assault Shuttles and Skipray Blastboats.

Bre's freighter is surrounded. Imperial Stormtroopers and spider-like Arakyd BT-16 Security Droids have their weapons trained on the landing ramp. The Arakyds swivel their heads up and down, scanning the YT-2100, their sensor packages exposed between laser cannons and proton grenade launchers.

In the distance, the rest of the Starkiller Facility can be seen rising from behind a jagged set of hills, its domes and towers cloaked in a perpetual cloud of ash.

INT. YT-2100 – CARGO HOLD

Bre is nowhere to be seen. The droids are still secured within the cargo hold. Two-Tau looks at the maintenance droid, its head now refastened, across from him.

TWO-TAU
Des beddu no tenny tahwha.

Bre's voice comes from inside the maintenance droid.

BRE
No kidding, Two-Tau. Of course this won't work. I am the dumb, cute smuggler girl, see? They catch me and I beg for mercy, batting my eyelashes and stuff. Like this.

Two-Tau shakes his head at the droid and shrugs.

BRE (CONT'D)
Joke, you big dummy.
(sighing)
Now remember: you don't know me. Swear?

EXT. SPACE – UNKNOWN SECTOR

The Star Destroyer *Atonement* and the Corellian Gunship are side by side, a train of transports moving back and forth between them.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - BRIDGE

Captain Destri, Admiral Mede, and the Technician are at the tactical grid, watching a life sign indicator. Endigo and Hulda enter from the turbolift elevator.

TECHNICIAN
She's nervous, Admiral. Otherwise, she's doing fine.

DESTRI
She has to be on the surface by now.

ENDIGO
Who?

MEDE
(to Destri)
We're positive they won't suspect this life sign indicator?

ENDIGO
What's going on?

DESTRI
(to Mede)
SpecForce said wear it in the open. Looks like a common wrist diagnostic.

MEDE
SpecForce <u>died</u> doing this, Destri.

DESTRI
Bre has a cover story for it. Just a--

At the mention of Bre's name, Endigo becomes furious. He grabs Mede by the shoulder and squeezes.

ENDIGO
<u>What</u> have you <u>done</u>?

The Admiral turns around, furious himself.

MEDE
Remove your hand, Mr. Endigo.

Endigo does and then points to the tactical grid.

ENDIGO
Where is she?

MEDE
Had Abaddon, Starkiller Facility Fifteen.

ENDIGO
What the hell is ‘Starkiller’?

MEDE
Exactly.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE HAD ABADDON

An Imperial Bulk Cruiser enters into orbit, halting outside the minefield.

STARKILLER SECURITY OFFICER (V.O.)
Imperial Cruiser *Darko Macan*, please wait for confirmation of your clearance code. Colonel Greber?

The *Lancer* comes into sight of the Bulk Cruiser.

COLONEL GREBER (V.O.)
We are in firing range now.

Beat.

STARKILLER SECURITY OFFICER (V.O.)
Imperial Cruiser *Darko Macan*, you are free to proceed.

The Bulk Cruiser enters the minefield, which automatically breaks formation to allow the starship’s passage. Within seconds, the mines float back into their former positions, sealing the flight path corridor again.

INT. YT-2100 – CARGO HOLD

LORD TION, a handsome, aristocratic Imperial supervisor, caped and holding a silver-plated cane, enters Bre's freighter with a squadron of stormtroopers.

He looks around at all the droids within, amused and impressed. He smiles and raises his voice, speaking loud enough for whoever is within the ship to hear him.

LORD TION
Must we really go through all of this?

The stormtroopers search the hold. The STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN stops by the maintenance droid Bre is hiding in.

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
Lord Tion.

Tion comes over to the droid, still smiling, squinting his eyes as he tries to see beyond its photoreceptors. He takes the faceplate off.

LORD TION
Hello, my dear. Welcome to Had Abaddon.

Bre bats her eyelashes and bites her lip, trying for the cutest hangdog look she can manage. Lord Tion looks at the droids in the cargo hold again. His eyes stay on Two-Tau.

LORD TION (CONT'D)
A K-5 Combat Droid, eh? I'm impressed. Those models are as obsolete as they are hard to capture. You're very good, little smuggler. And just where were you running with all of these droids?

BRE
(tentatively)
The Hapes, sir. I have no idea how I ended up here.

LORD TION
Yes, well, 'here' is becoming very popular these days, despite our best efforts to hide it. Who is your fence at Hapes?

BRE
Nuum, sir. Cabrool Nuum. B-but I think he’s j-just another face m-man for the Combine--

Bre starts to break down with fear. Lord Tion motions to a stormtrooper.

LORD TION
Contact the Security Bureau. Verify Cabrool Nuum is expecting such a delivery.
(turning back to Bre)
And your name? No aliases, please. Those would be very dangerous for you at this point.

BRE
Nuni, sir. Nuni Jix.

LORD TION
Run that name, too, Captain.

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
Yes, milord.

LORD TION
Here it is then, Nuni Jix. I am supposed to kill you.

Bre breaks into uncontrollable sobs, trying to raise a metal covered hand to her face. The cargo straps keep her from reaching that far. Lord Tion’s face changes immediately. Even though he works for the Empire, he still fancies himself the gentleman he really is; he takes a handkerchief from his vest and wipes Bre’s tears away.

LORD TION (CONT’D)
Forgive me, my dear. Here. Now listen very carefully. You will be taken to detention. If your story turns out to be true, and nothing worse than smuggling turns up on your identiscan--

BRE
B-but it will! I’ve run spice, too!

LORD TION
Please. What smuggler hasn't? Now, as supervisor of this facility, I can offer you employment here; again, only if everything you've told me is true. I need a technician with your talents. And, in time, I think I might even come to enjoy your company.

BRE
(nodding her head eagerly)
I'm g-good with droids..!

LORD TION
(laughing)
Yes. We've already established that.

Lord Tion then lifts Bre's chin with the tip of his cane.

LORD TION (CONT'D)
Of course, you do realize that you will never be allowed to leave Had Abbadon.

EXT. SPACE – UNKNOWN SECTOR

The Corellian Gunship is gone. The *Atonement* hasn't moved.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIEFING ROOM

Captain Destri and Admiral Mede are briefing Endigo's people about the current operation. Endigo himself is angry and about to blow. Hulda stands behind him, nervously looking from him to the Admiral. Mede has brought up the footage of Bre's intentional capture. Next to this footage are the twin globes of Had Abaddon and its moon.

MEDE
Several days ago a Rebel starfighter was fleeing a failed operation somewhere in the Kira Run, with several Imperial frigates in hot pursuit. The Rebel pilot launched into hyperspace, making for Circarpous Major, but--
(indicating Had Abaddon)
--ending up here, Had Abaddon.

DESTRI
The Empire took great measures to hide this system from the galactic astrogation charts, but the starfighter's navicomputer noticed the planet's mass shadow and dropped into realspace. We received a distress call from the pilot just before he hit a minefield and exploded.

MEDE
Data imbedded in the distress call indicated its point of origin. But when our intelligence network went to look for those coordinates, they--

ENDIGO
You've already said all this. Get on with it.

MEDE
Excuse me, Mr. Endigo, but it was you who requested this briefing.

ENDIGO
No, I asked you why the hell you sent Bre into this! You know this is a job for me.

MEDE
Don't presume to tell me what you think I know, Mr. Endigo. And I would suggest that you check that tone with me, or you can go back to running more bacta heists for General Madine.

Endigo moves forward. Hulda tries to grab him by the shoulder, but Endigo shrugs it off. Mede remains calm.

MEDE
Take another step and you'll find yourself in the brig. No one has time for your showmanship today. Especially Officer Bre.

Endigo stops and looks back at the holo-footage.

DESTRI
(sighing)
An Alliance SpecForce team was sent to investigate Had Abaddon. They found that the Empire was spending an unprecedented amount of money and manpower to hide the system and to secure a project being developed there. They also found that the project is currently code-named ‘Starkiller.’

MEDE
Then this SpecForce team was discovered by Imperial forces and exterminated. That’s when High Command gave the reins to us. It is our job to find out the nature of the Starkiller Project. You were not available, Mr. Endigo. Even if you were, I wouldn’t have sent you on this operation. The Empire is expecting us to use someone like you. There are no easy records of Chori Bre to find. She was never officially affiliated with the Townowi Defense Force. Only Darth Vader could possibly know that she is a Rebel, and he only knows her face, not her name.

ENDIGO
What if <u>he</u> is on Had Abbadon, Mede?

MEDE
He isn’t. How long do you think I’ve been doing this?

ENDIGO
You mean on the <u>right</u> side?

MEDE
Considering your own past, Mr. Endigo, I would also suggest you stop reaching for the higher moral ground. You only embarrass yourself.

Endigo backhands Mede across the jaw with a metal fist. The Admiral falls backwards and CRACKS a vidscreen.

Everyone grabs their blasters, *Long Haulers* watching the Rebel officers. Hulda and Destri look at each other. They both know whom they will side with. They try to apologize to each other without speaking. They don't, however, move their hands from their weapons.

Mede rises. He puts a hand to his fractured jaw and holds it there. He is extremely disappointed with Endigo. He can barely manage to talk through his bloody teeth.

MEDE
(strained)
Bad form, Mr. Endigo.
(beat)
Is it necessary for you to continue?

Endigo starts to breathe very hard, but he doesn't move.

MEDE (CONT'D)
(strained)
No? Then take yourself to detention. Three weeks, starting today, and that is being kind. I would escort you there myself, but I have an officer to protect.

Beat.

Endigo exits. Hulda exits, trying not to look at the Admiral.

Soon only Captain Destri and a few Rebel officers are left in the briefing room. Destri goes to Mede's aid, but he waves her off. Still holding his jaw, the Admiral moves to exit.

MEDE (CONT'D)
(strained)
Captain, take the bridge and continue with the operation. I will be in Med Lab.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE HAD ABADDON

The moon has disappeared slightly behind Had Abaddon. Certain mines glint green from its lunar light.

EXT. HAD ABADDON – STARKILLER FACILITY - NIGHT

Nestled in a valley of sharp hills are the black metallic domes and towers of Starkiller Facility Fifteen. At the center of the facility is a large, torus-shaped main reactor. Windows and lights run along the reactor's curving surface. A transparisteel protrusion does the same, HOT WHITE-GREEN ENERGY PULSES making it look like a gigantic cyclotron of some kind.

The main reactor surrounds a flat plain of metal. On this shining floor, supported by a skeletal frame tower, stands an experimental superlaser disc.

(Note: this disc is the same shape as the Death Star's superlaser, as seen in *ANH* and *ROTJ*, just scaled down in size dramatically.)

The disc is pointed out towards the glowing red horizon, aimed at a mountain range of talon-like spires.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL ONE

Bre is in binders, escorted by a pair of Imperial Stormtroopers to the detention level. The facility is dark. Black and gray metal surfaces are faintly lit by the green glow of lamps hidden between the braces of the curved ceiling.

Bre moves her eyes without moving her head, trying to catch every detail about the facility that she can. She is led by a sloped window and sees the superlaser tower outside. She comes up short and stares.

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
(shoving her)
Move along.

BRE
What's that?

The Stormtrooper Captain grabs Bre's hair and pushes her forward.

MOON (O.S.)
Unhand the young lady at once!

All turn to see MOON emerge from the darkness. The wicked-thin janitor of the facility is tall and seemingly brittle. His silver beard and braided mustaches run down to his chest, though they seem a source of pride for the old man. A fraying brown robe hangs from his shoulders, no longer much of a fit, its edges dragging on the floor, wet from the mop that he holds in both hands.

STORMTROOPER TWO
Get back to work.

MOON
Where is your honor, sirs? This is no way to treat a visitor--

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
Shut up, Moon.

Bre and the janitor exchange glances. She notices an odd sparkle in the old man’s eyes before she is forced to march onwards. She exits with the stormtroopers.

MOON
(calling after them)
--especially one as beautiful as....
(to himself)
Ach. They never listen. Ruffians.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL TWO

Lord Tion watches as a cargo hauler drifts by with the droids from Bre’s ship. He holds up a hand for it to halt.

CARGO HAULER DRIVER
Yes, Lord Tion?

LORD TION
The K-5, where is it?

CARGO HAULER DRIVER
(trying to remember)
The big one? Oh yeah, Chief Gordon thought we’d put that one to use right away. He’s outfitting it with a restraining bolt and putting it on tonight’s patrol.

LORD TION
Thank you. Go on.

Lord Tion proceeds to a nearby communications console.

LORD TION (CONT'D)
Gordon?

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – TECH POST

CHIEF OF SECURITY GORDON, crisp and professional, looks up from his post. Before him, a few Ugnaught engineers are preparing Two-Tau for patrol. One of them has a restraining bolt remote held up to the droid.

CHIEF GORDON
Yes, milord?

LORD TION
The K-5 recovered from the smuggler.

CHIEF GORDON
Yes, milord?

LORD TION
Before you install its patrol protocols, make sure to wipe its memory.

CHIEF GORDON
Yes, milord.

LORD TION
That is all. Carry on.

An Ugnaught engineer climbs on top of a workbench and begins to drill into the fastener clamps on Two-Tau's head. The droid tries to lift an arm. The Ugnaught with the restraining bolt remote activates it, an ELECTRICAL BUZZ.

Suddenly, Two-Tau cannot move at all.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – DETENTION CELL

Bre is sitting in a cramped detention cell and she is starting to lose it. She’s nervous now, trying to pace but having no room for it. She jumps when the blast door to her cell opens. Moon appears, backlit by a green glow, carrying a serving tray in his hands.

MOON
Begging your pardon, Miss..?

BRE
Jix.

Moon shuts the blast doors behind him. He hands the tray to Bre, little portions of green sludge and dried meat. Bre takes it and starts to stuff her mouth.

MOON
The least I could do, considering your unfavorable reception. I fear, though, the food here is of precious little merit, and less taste.

BRE
Thanks anyway.

MOON
Please accept it graciously and with all the humility I can offer... beauteous maiden.

Bre stops chewing and looks at him.

BRE
Don’t get any ideas.

MOON
Of what sort, Miss Jix?

Moon’s face is innocent. Bre shrugs and goes back to eating.

BRE
Never mind. You just talk too nice. Makes me think you want something.

MOON
I want only your comfort, young lady. And civility befits the fair.

BRE
Okay. Sure.
(swallowing)
So... you’re, what, the janitor here?

MOON
(affronted)
I most certainly am not! Whatever would give you that idea?

BRE
Um, the fact that you were mopping the floor.

MOON
What of it? I’ll not have my estate looking shoddy and unkempt.

BRE
Ah. So this is your ‘estate’, huh?

MOON
Well... I guess that’s not quite the right word for it, truth to tell. More my prison, you might say. No, that’s too harsh. Exile? No. An extended holiday is what I would say. Ach, I won’t bore you with the immensity of my misfortunes, young lady. Please. Eat.

BRE
Wait. You think they built all of this just to hold you?

MOON
I’m a very dangerous man, Miss Jix.

Bre starts to laugh but it turns into a cough. Moon reaches out to help her but she waves him off, smiling.

MOON (CONT'D)
There, there. I caution you-- you should sop the meat before you chew.

BRE
What did they call you? Moon?

MOON
They're louts. I prefer Sir Yoat Mimuné, Jedi Knight.

Bre laughs again. And Moon is affronted again. He gets up to leave.

BRE
Wait.

MOON
And why should I? If I were not myself, I would consider that dinner most undeserved, young lady. I had rather ventured that you weren't, but you <u>are</u> like all the rest.

BRE
I'm sorry. Really. Come on. I didn't mean to laugh.

Moon is not yet satisfied.

BRE (CONT'D)
Sir Mimuné. You do realize how... hard it would be to believe such a story. I mean, with what <u>happened</u> to the Jedis....

MOON
(sitting)
Yes, well, I suppose so.

BRE
So why don't you use your, um, <u>powers</u> to escape this place?

MOON
I will if I need to, assuredly.

BRE
What's stopping you?

MOON
Nothing.

BRE
But you said a few minutes ago that you were exiled here, that this was your prison. So why don't you just get out?

MOON
Listen to me, young lady! I fought at Jumunga! I knew Windu, C'baoth, General Keno--

BRE
Where's your lightsaber?

MOON
Lost it at Jumunga.

BRE
Lift this tray without using your hands.

MOON
You require a demonstration of my powers?

BRE
Go for it.

MOON
I shall read your mind.

BRE
(to herself)
This should be good.

Moon closes his eyes. He opens them, and nods sagely.

MOON
You doubt me.

EXT. SPACE – UNKNOWN SECTOR

EASTABLISHING SHOT of the *Atonement*, adrift in space.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede enters to see Destri and the Technician still watching the life indicator signal on the tactical grid. The Admiral's jaw is bruised, and his teeth can't seem to part, but he no longer has to hold it all in place.

DESTRI
She's calming down, sir.

Mede nods and tries to smile, wincing from a sharp pain.

DESTRI (CONT'D)
Admiral, perhaps you should stay in your quarters. I'll keep you informed.

MEDE
(strained)
Have they... have they run an identiscan on her?

DESTRI
They have. Senator Antilles did a fine job, too-- a requisition form of Cabrool Nuum's went straight back, verifying one Nuni Jix's cargo. And now we have a name. Lord Tion.

TECHNICIAN
Two names, actually. Tion's query got filtered up the ranks. Antilles intercepted multiple destinations. Seems that the head of the Starkiller Project is one Wilhuff Tarkin.

Mede's eyes widen.

MEDE
(strained)
Officer Bre is... in trouble. Run a skip-trace on her now.

TECHNICIAN
But, sir, considering their security, they will surely detect--

MEDE
(strained)
Do it!

EXT. HAD ABADDON – STARKILLER FACILITY – NIGHT

Two-Tau and three Arakyds patrol the facility perimeter.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – DETENTION LEVEL

Lord Tion and an escort of Imperial Stormtroopers march up to Bre’s cell. The Stormtrooper Captain opens its blast doors.

LORD TION
Moon..?

Moon steps out and gives a courtly bow.

MOON
Tion. I thought someone should entertain the young lady while she waited for you to remember your manners.
(to the Stormtrooper Captain)
And you, villain! How can you presume to return here, considering your previous effronteries, you disrespectful, cowardly, vat-grown, ill-bred, armored iniquity--

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
Shut up.

MOON
Quite right. Ladies are present.
(looking back)
Forgive me, Miss Jix.

LORD TION
Come on out.

Bre does. Moon stands protectively beside her, narrowing his eyes at the Stormtrooper Captain. Bre wipes her mouth with a sleeve.

LORD TION (CONT'D)
Nuni, there is nothing on your record that prevents me from putting you on tomorrow's duty roster.

BRE
(relieved)
Really?

LORD TION
Really. Moon, be a good Jedi Knight and show Miss Jix around your estate. She will report to Tech Post in the morning.

Moon holds out his arm for Bre and she takes it awkwardly. He proudly marches her past the stormtroopers.

MOON
I trust that you will believe in my powers now, young lady.

Lord Tion smiles at Bre when she glances back, letting her know that his sympathies go with her.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL ONE

Moon and Bre walk along the top level of the main reactor. Soon they come to the curved window that Bre saw before, which affords a view of the superlaser tower outside. Moon is rambling about something while Bre again tries to take in every detail she can.

MOON
... I can't really blame my jailer for being a bad man. There are so many of those. That's the superlaser.

BRE
What?

MOON
I was saying that Lord Tion is not an evil man. There are very few real evil men in the galaxy. Myself, I have only known one, and even he didn't start out that way.

BRE
(pointing outside)
No, what you said about that.

MOON
Terrible, what happened to him.

BRE
Who?

MOON
I was talking about only evil man in the galaxy.

BRE
The Emperor?

MOON
Oh yes, mustn't forget him now, the Emperor.... Who is serving as the Emperor these days?

Bre can't stand it anymore. She pounds a finger on the glass. A THRUMMING SOUND starts to rumble through the hall.

BRE
What. Is. That.

MOON
That's Starkiller.

BRE
(beat)
That's <u>it</u>?

Outside the window, the superlaser disc turns slightly to the left.

The THRUMMING gets louder, finally culminating into LOUD WHINE.

MOON
A part of it, anyway, as I understand it... but I'm sure they'll change the name. What with them already having Star Destroyer, right? Much more impressive sounding: 'Destroyer.' Rather anticlimactic to introduce something new and have it already overshadowed--

BRE
What does it do?

MOON
Watch. They fire it all the time. I rather think they just like to hear that sound.

The superlaser is activated. Four beams of light emanate from different edges of the disc, converging into a single laser beam, which fires off into the mountains, obliterating the top of one completely.

MOON (CONT'D)
Quite exciting, I must admit.

BRE
Starkiller is nothing more than an orbital laser...?

MOON
'Nothing more', you say? Orbital lasers were quite crucial to my victory at Bonadan I'll have you know.

Bre looks at the superlaser as if she's missing something.

MOON (CONT'D)
You seemed vexed, Miss Jix. If it makes you feel any better, I am informed that they plan to scale it up.

Bre moves away, unimpressed. Moon follows.

BRE
I've already seen better weapons than that back home.

MOON
Poor disenchanted Miss Jix. Perhaps a cavalier tale from the Old Republic, equal parts adventure, erudition, and wit, might cheer you up.

BRE
Just take me to Tech Post, Moon.

MOON
Of course. You must be tired. We'll save it for later. This way.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY - MAIN REACTOR - CONTROL ROOM

A large convex viewport looks out into the superlaser array. Lord Tion, Chief Gordon, and PRIMARY ENGINEER watch the results of the test fire.

PRIMARY ENGINEER
(reading an instrument panel)
Coolant couplers are returning to normal levels now.

LORD TION
Not good enough, according to the Lemelisk specifications. We must do--

CHIEF GORDON
Excuse me, Lord Tion, but we're getting a transmission from Eriadu.

LORD TION
Tarkin?

CHIEF GORDON
Yessir.

LORD TION
Very well.

Tion moves to a vidscreen kiosk. MOFF TARKIN appears, governor of the Imperial outland regions. Had Abaddon's atmosphere interferes with the image feed, making Tarkin's face a deathshead.

Tion smiles pleasantly and leans on his cane.

LORD TION (CONT'D)
Hello, Governor Tarkin.

TARKIN
(furious)
Have you gone mad, Lord Tion?

LORD TION
Oh, please, Wilhuff, of course I have. Come, spend three years here at Had Abaddon and see how you fare.

TARKIN
Your new 'employee' is a rebel.

LORD TION
Here we go again. They must be everywhere nowadays. Nuni Jix is a harmless, talented smuggler--

TARKIN
Tion!

LORD TION
--and, in fact, her indentured servitude will save your precious project money. Something I think the Emperor is concerned about, no?
(beat)
Tarkin, do give me some credit. I had the ISB--

TARKIN
My assurances come from somewhere higher. Terminate her. Immediately.

LORD TION
Is that really necessary? I'll put her back into detention until we get--

TARKIN
Terminate her or you'll be next, Lord Tion. Remember your station.

Colonel Greber shows up on another vidscreen in the kiosk.

COLONEL GREBER
Governor Tarkin, I would be more than happy to have the privilege of removing Lord Tion, if he does wish to comply with your orders.

CHIEF GORDON
Lord Tion. Don't do this.

Lord Tion looks to Chief Gordon, who has his blaster out.

LORD TION
My own men, Tarkin? Have it your way, then. Would you like to witness the execution live, or shall I simply record it for you on holo for later?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR HAD ABADDON

Greber's *Lancer* is skirting the edge of the minefield.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – TECH POST

Moon escorts Bre into the Tech Post, where Two-Tau and two of the Arakyds are hooked into power regulators. The Ugnaughts are playing a quiet game of sabaac in the corner.

Bre looks at Two-Tau and waves a hand cautiously, so Moon won't see. Moon isn't looking however, as he is busy running a finger along a workbench, leaving a clean streak in the grime.

MOON
Ach, they condemn you to these foul quarters? Watch your step, young lady. I'm off for the mop.

Moon exits. Bre looks over at the Ugnaughts. They're not paying attention. She walks up to Two-Tau.

BRE
Hey, big guy. So, what've you found out?

Two-Tau doesn't respond.

BRE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
It's all right, Two-Tau. We can talk until the old guy gets back.

KLAXON ALARMS go off throughout the facility.

All of the security droids cock their heads, remove themselves from their power station, and lift their weapons at Bre. She backs away slowly.

Two-Tau
Bochu!

Bre suddenly realizes her predicament. She bolts. Two-Tau's handcannons open fire, ripping the entrance of the Tech Post to shreds.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL THREE

Bre rushes out into the hallway, skidding to a halt when she sees a squadron of stormtroopers rushing her way.

STORMTROOPER ONE
Don't move!

Bre runs back past the Tech Post doorway, hugging the curving corner of the hallway as blaster bolts ERUPT along the walls behind her.

Two-Tau steps out from the hallway, blocking the stormtroopers. Bre looks behind and smiles, thinking his charade is finally over. She starts to slow down.

Two-Tau swivels on his midsection axis, firing at Bre. One of his shots grazes her in the leg and she hits the ground. The stormtroopers spread out behind the Combat Droid and start to advance on either side of his firing arc.

She staggers up and starts to run again.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY - MAIN REACTOR - CONTROL ROOM

Lord Tion and the Primary Engineer are watching the chase on a ceiling vidscreen. Chief Gordon is not present. Lord Tion shakes his head sadly and motions to the Primary Engineer.

LORD TION
Carry on. Let’s find that coolant field leak.

EXT. SPACE - UNKNOWN SECTOR

The ISD *Atonement*’s portside is orange with the light of the nearby sun.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - BRIDGE

Mede, Destri, and the Technician watch the tactical grid as a BLIP runs across its surface. Wherever it runs, more schematics of Starkiller Facility pop up around it. The Technician points out Bre’s life indicator signal.

TECHNICIAN
She’s wounded, Admiral.

DESTRI
Let’s move in.

MEDE
(strained)
No.

DESTRI
Mede, please.

MEDE
(strained)
We can't risk taking the *Atonement* in there with the whole sector on alert.

Destri shuts her eyes.

DESTRI
(whispering)
Hocce... I told you I'd keep her safe.

MEDE (CONT'D)
(strained)
Destri. Chori Bre will make it.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL ONE

Bre finds a clear, dark corner between two glow lamps. She leans against the wall and puts a hand to her leg. She WHIMPERS when she sees the wound.

That sound draws the attention of the Stormtrooper Captain. He appears right in front of her, another stormtrooper at his side.

STORMTROOPER CAPTAIN
That's far enough.

MOON (O.S.)
A mere generation before you there were giants in this galaxy--

Moon emerges from the darkness again, holding his mop.

MOON (CONT'D)
--and yet, somehow, you have forgotten their example, when instead you might learn, if not at least their adornments of wisdom and goodly intentions, a share enough of natural principle to be worthy of a name to announce unashamed.

Moon salutes with the mop and holds it up like a lightsaber.

MOON (CONT'D)
Captain. Defend yourself.

The Stormtrooper Captain shoots a section of the wall next to the old man. Moon scampers back into the darkness. Bre jumps onto the Stormtrooper Captain's back, pounding on his helmet.

The other stormtrooper tries to get a shot, but doesn't want to hit his superior.

A bucket is kicked over in the darkness, and the floor is suddenly flushed with spreading water.

The Stormtrooper Captain, with the burden of Bre on his back, loses his footing and slips to the ground, hard. His neck breaks with an audible CRACK.

Bre, sliding on the floor, lifts the Captain's rifle and BLASTS the other stormtrooper.

BRE
(still prone)
Moon..?

MOON (O.S.)
This way, my lovely! Hurry!

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL THREE

Chief Gordon has gathered a squadron of stormtroopers near the wrecked doorway of the Tech Post.

CHIEF GORDON
Have the security droids patrol the perimeter. Look at this mess.

STORMTROOPER ONE
The K-5, sir, it went crazy.

CHIEF GORDON
Exactly why they quit making them.

A Sentry Probe floats up to the Imperials, WARBLING.

CHIEF GORDON
(into a comlink)
She’s near the level two power grid. Bring out your handscanners and watch for her diagnostic.

STORMTROOPER TWO (V.O.)
She’s just around the corner, sir.

BLASTERFIRE comes over Chief Gordon’s comlink.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - BRIDGE

The Starkiller Facility layout disappears from the tactical grid. Bre’s life indicator signal goes dead. Destri becomes petrified.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – WASTE SECTION

Bre and Moon are knee-deep in glowing green sludge. The walls of the waste section curve up and around them to become a ceiling broken up by dripping grates.

Moon is leading her, the hood of his robe up around his head. He doesn’t have his mop anymore. Bre studies her wrist diagnostic and notices that it has shorted out.

BRE
Moon?

MOON
(turning back)
We’re nearing a suitable exit, I believe.

BRE
Moon, my wrist diagnostic is scrambled.

MOON
The Force shall guide us.

BRE
No, I mean, do you know why?

MOON
I’d hazard, young lady, that it would be all the radiation around us causing the short out.

BRE
RADIATION?!

MOON
Don’t worry. My power will keep it from harming us. Come. We must make haste.

EXT. HAD ABADDON – STARKILLER FACILITY – NIGHT

Bre and Moon emerge from a waste outlet some distance from the Main Reactor. The superlaser tower can be seen between the choking winds. Moon pulls a rag from his robe and hands it to Bre. She covers her mouth and follows him as he avoids the spotlights.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL ONE

Lord Tion looks down at the dead stormtroopers sprawled out in the water. The KLAXON ALARMS sound again. Tion is surprised and, perhaps, even delighted.

CHIEF GORDON (V.O.)
She is moving towards the spaceport! All forces close in on that position!

Tion then sees Moon’s mop. He looks at it for a long while.

EXT. STARKILLER FACILITY – SPACEPORT – NIGHT

Bre and Moon dodge an EXPLOSION, sliding down the sharpened slope of a hill. They get back up and run towards the spaceport’s shimmering fences. The spider-like Arakyds close in, their proton grenade launchers reloading.

Blaster bolts fire down from the guard towers. Bre dodges behind an outcropping, while Moon stands frozen, staring up at the soldiers firing on them.

BRE
Moon! Move!

MOON
I am reading their minds!

BRE
So am I! Not that hard!

A blast ERUPTS next to Moon and he instinctively YELPS, running off into the darkness. Bre slips out from behind the outcropping just as an Arakyd in the distance launches another proton grenade. The ground behind her EXPLODES as she leaps towards the nearest guard tower. She stands up, putting her back to the tower.

The soldiers above can't get a clear shot down at her because of the tower railings. The Arakyds have stopped. They flip their sensor packages out and watch her.

BRE (CONT'D)
Okay. Lessee. They're afraid to shoot because they don't want to hit the tower. Guys above me can't get a shot. And I probably can't--

Two-Tau appears behind the Arakyds, stepping down the hill and lowering his handcannons.

BRE (CONT'D)
Just do what you do, Two-Tau.

Bre dives as the tower is wracked with EXPLOSIONS. She can still hear the WHINE of Two-Tau's handcannons behind her as she gets up and moves towards a section of the shimmering fence. A section that WINKS out as the guard tower suffers a massive power outage from Two-Tau's cannonfire.

Bre runs into the spaceport. She ducks beneath the nearest Blastboat. Two-Tau and the Arakyds move in.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY - MAIN REACTOR - CONTROL ROOM

Lord Tion reenters the superlaser control room. The Primary Engineer turns to him and shakes his head, indicating some energy readouts on a computer terminal.

PRIMARY ENGINEER
I can’t figure it out, milord. Emissions from the disc are interfering with the exhaust valves, but that still wouldn’t explain—

LORD TION
We should check the power grids.

Tion goes over to a communications console.

LORD TION (CONT’D)
Chief Gordon, what exactly is going on? I’m getting an energy outage from the spaceport, and that’s not helping matters here at all. Kill her already.

EXT. STARKILLER FACILITY – SPACEPORT – NIGHT

Bre is nearing the ebony YT-2100 freighter. Two-Tau is close behind, rounding the bend of an Assault Shuttle to open fire. Bre is BLASTED in the shoulder. She SCREAMS, falling onto the loading ramp. Two-Tau and the Arakyds move closer. Bre GRUNTS and pulls herself inside.

INT. YT-2100 – CARGO HOLD

Bre leans against the cargo hold and slides toward the cockpit, leaving a trail of blood on the wall.

INT. YT-2100 – COCKPIT

When she enters the cockpit, she sees her ship surrounded by the Arakyds. They see her, too, and level their proton grenade launchers.

Behind her, Bre can hear Two-Tau STOMPING into the hold.

Two-Tau (O.S.)
Boka choo-OOT!

Bre closes her eyes and waits for it.

MOON (O.S.)
Good thing I went back for this.

Bre looks over to see Moon sitting beside her. He flips the restraining bolt remote in his hand and smiles.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR HAD ABADDON

The YT-2100 zooms out of Had Abaddon’s orbit, dodging through the minefield.

The *Lancer* LOOMS INTO VIEW in front of Bre’s freighter.

INT. YT-2100 – COCKPIT

Bre looks over to Moon, frantically. His eyes are closed.

MOON
Lightspeed.

BRE
Are you kidding? We’ll ram right--

MOON
Miss Jix, trust me.

BRE
My name is Bre! And you’re insane!

MOON
That’s just a ruse. Enter hyperspace. It’s a tactic I used at the Battle of--

BRE
SHUT UP!

MOON
Bre. Your freighter is damaged. That is a *Lancer*-class frigate, if I recall correctly. Either way, we will die. Unless you trust in me.

The *Lancer* opens fire. With a final look at Moon, and with nothing left to lose, Bre hits the hyperdrive switch.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR HAD ABADDON

A green laser shoots up from the surface of the planet, opening a hole right into the middle of the *Lancer.* Bre's freighter blasts through that hole and into hyperspace, streaking faster than light and OUT OF VIEW.

INT. YT-2100 – COCKPIT - HYPERSPACE

Bre looks between her fingers into the BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace. Moon is at peace with the galaxy.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY - MAIN REACTOR - CONTROL ROOM

The Primary Engineer, Chief Gordon, and several stormtroopers rush into the control room. Lord Tion is already present, and he is enraged.

Outside, the superlaser disc is pointing up into the sky and smoking. Tion looks at the Primary Engineer.

LORD TION
What did you do?!

CHIEF GORDON
Lord Tion.

Chief Gordon points near the firing controls. Leaning next to them is a mop.

LORD TION
Moon! Vader was a fool not to let us kill him as soon as we arrived! Inform Governor Tarkin that he will have <u>much</u> to explain to the Emperor.

CHIEF GORDON
Yes, milord.

INT. STARKILLER FACILITY – MAIN REACTOR – LEVEL ONE

Lord Tion strides out into the hall, his false rage falling away to reveal a cold smile.

LORD TION
Threaten me, will you, Moff Tarkin?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - UNKNOWN SECTOR

The YT-2100 is docked with the Star Destroyer *Atonement*.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* - HANGAR BAY

Mede, Destri, and Hulda wait for Bre to descend the freighter's loading ramp. She is leaning on Two-Tau for support. Moon strides out and pulls back his hood.

BRE
Thanks for making me back up Two-Tau's memory tapes, Hulda.

HULDA CAULP
Told you so. Never trust a K-5.

TWO-TAU
Dunchoo bo-Kabha!

Destri rushes up and hugs Bre tight. Then the Admiral does as well, kissing Bre on the forehead. His jaw is better.

BRE
What happened to you? Where's Shen?

MEDE
You've answered both questions.

MOON
Ahem.

BRE
Sorry. Everyone, may I present Sir Yoat Mimuné, Jedi Knight.

Everyone stares.

MEDE
Welcome to the *Atonement*.

MOON
How appropriate.
(to Bre)
Equal parts adventure, erudition, and wit. A dash of no small lament, either, but that's a tale for another day.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS

Mede, Moon, and Bre are at the Admiral's desk. His double-sided vidscreen is up. Senator Antilles is onscreen.

BRE
And that's it really. A big dumb laser.

SENATOR ANTILLES
I'm sure there's more to it than that, Officer Bre. Intel will study the schematics your skip-trace brought up.

Antilles winks out. Moon jumps up in his chair and starts wagging a finger at Admiral Mede.

MOON
That's where I've seen you before! <u>You</u> were at the Battle of Jumunga!

MEDE
I've never heard of that system.

MOON
The Battle of Bonadan, then. Surely.

MEDE
No. Sorry.

Moon sits back, dubious, trying to recollect which battle it was. But there have been so many....

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE CORUSCANT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Galactic Empire's central system.

INT. IMPERIAL SENATE - DELEGATION CHAMBER – SUNRISE

Aides and foreign dignitaries are in the Delegation Chamber of Senator Antilles of Alderaan. TK-299 enters.

TK-299
The Emperor’s Proconsul to see the Honorable Representative of Alderaan.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Show him in, Tee-Kay.

Everyone but Antilles exits. Viraxo enters.

VIRAXO
Your trail is getting harder and harder to follow, Antilles.

SENATOR ANTILLES
So is yours.

VIRAXO
Yes, let us continue in the oblique. Stay away from what does not exist.

SENATOR ANTILLES
I think I’ve managed that quite well. Why are you here, Viraxo?

VIRAXO
To warn you to be patient, Senator. Do not waste more effort and more lives for something that you will see all too soon.

SENATOR ANTILLES
I am too old to be frightened by you or your Emperor, Ghent Viraxo.

VIRAXO
That will change in a few years.

SENATOR ANTILLES
We can only hope.

FADE OUT.

THE END